Watching the Brain at Work

USES FOR THE NEW MUSCLE BED INSTALLED AT YALE

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 27.—"Senator Hanna sacrificed his physical well being by his mental labors, and when typhoid fever seized him he was not able to combat it successfully," said Dr. William G. Anderson, director of the Yale gymnasium, in discussing the new muscle bed which has just arrived at the gymnasium, and which is to be used by the professors in preparing for just such emergencies as that Senator Hanna had to meet. "Senator Hanna should have lived fifteen years longer, but for years he was constantly sending an undue proportion of blood to his head without developing correspondingly other parts of his body, and when a great tax was put on the organs they were worn out from supplying the head, and gave out.

"With men who use their heads constantly as did Mr. Hanna, the blood supply for the brain is dependent, of course, on the heart and the muscles of the centre of the body. These parts of the body are constantly being used to pump into the brain the requisite supply of blood, and if they are taxed continually without in turn being developed properly, and if new blood is not sent in to them to refresh them, an unexpected demand on them, as in fighting disease, is almost sure to result in their giving out."

Dr. Anderson's muscle bed, the only one of its kind in the world, will show just what exercises are most beneficial in building up those parts of the bodies of the Yale professors and students that are overtaxed by mental concentration.

Several years ago Dr. Anderson, while in Sweden, was asked by an instructor in athletics there for a practical way of determining the centre of gravity of a person. Jokingly Dr. Anderson suggested that to swing a man across a swinging bar until he balanced would give it approximately.

With this idea in mind Dr. Anderson went to work on the muscle bed, with the result that he has now perfected what he regards as one of the greatest aids in physical development. By this instrument he can tell how much real good a certain set of exercises does in driving the blood supply to certain weak spots. What was a matter of speculation in regard to exercise can now be definitely settled by this bed. About a year ago Dr. Anderson finished and set up in the gymnasium a rough model of this bed, and on it tested many of the Yale athletes and professors.

The new muscle bed is a board about seven feet long hung on two knife blades, one on each side, and so delicately balanced that the steps of a person entering the room set it vibrating. The equilibrium of the bed is determined by a spirit level. An indicator on the side tells the angle of variation and a scale gives the degrees of vibration brought about by certain exercises.

A person placed on the table is first told to solve some easy mathematical problem involving the multiplication table. As he concentrates his attention on it the table vibrates and the indicator moves very slowly toward the head, where the blood is being forced by the mental concentration.

If then Dr. Anderson gives his subject a problem whose solution requires greater effort, the head of the table moves further downward as the centre of gravity of the subject rises. Frequently a change of three or four inches in a person's centre of gravity is observed under these conditions.

In order to reverse things and call the blood away from the head the student is told to lie perfectly still and dance a jig in his mind. If a piano is near and the music is started, although the subject does not move at all, the head of the muscle bed rises as the blood rushes to the feet at the summons of the thought of a dance and the person's centre of gravity is lowered.

By means of this bed Dr. Anderson can try several sets of exercises and by placing men on the bed after each set can determine by the readings which set sends the greatest amount of blood to the desired spot with the least exertion.

"I have been able to tell to a certainty," said Dr. Anderson, "just what exercises are most beneficial for the man with weak lungs, for example; that is, what form of exercise can be given to the patient which will tire him least and yet give him the best blood supply.

"At examination time, for instance, I put a student on this table just after a severe test of two or three hours and the bed will show at once when the greatest amount of blood is in the head, and then exercises can be prescribed which in the shortest time will put him back into shape again.

"Few professors or other persons who use their heads a great deal realize the importance of washing out the body with pure arterial blood every day, and this can only be accomplished by proper exercise of parts not used in the everyday business. A man who is using his brain eighteen hours a day is putting a tax on his heart and the organs of his trunk that they cannot stand unless they are properly trained.

"There are really two brains, the motor area, or muscle brain, and the higher sensory, or mind brain. Now the strengthening of the first is going to help the second, for they are closely associated.

"A man studying year after year one subject, which taxes a certain small part of the brain, and failing to develop adjacent parts of the brain, is running a great risk of suddenly having the used part go back on him and then not being able to draw for force on adjacent parts; he is done for and so-called heart disease is the result, though in many cases the heart may be in normal condition."

Many of the Yale professors have made various experiments with the bed and are trying certain sets of exercises to counteract the effects of too great mental application. By means of this bed it has been demonstrated that exercises in which the person takes a deep interest, such as outdoor games, show better results than monotonous indoor exercises in the gymnasium.

"Where a man puts his mind on the exercise the results are a hundredfold more beneficial," said Dr. Anderson. "The supply of blood to various parts of the body is not increased very perceptibly by monotonous exercises on the gymnasium floor, for example, but let a man go into some game where his mind becomes engaged and the blood supply is greatly increased and the result is different.

"That is the secret why outdoor games—rowing, baseball and football—are so much more beneficial than work in the gym. Years ago a prominent professor of athletics told me that he thought that exercise in which a man took an interest was more beneficial than mere routine work, but no one dreamed of the great difference in the results obtained until the chart in the muscle bed was read.

"For that reason the daily walk of the professional man as a constitutional does not amount to much as a beneficial agent, as he carries with his worry him and the circulation is not increased; but if he goes out and plays golf, for example, the blood goes dancing through his veins."

If outdoor exercise cannot be indulged in, the best results, according to Dr. Anderson's muscle bed, are obtainable by working before a mirror, where the muscles can be watched as they expand. "Here at Yale," said Dr. Anderson, "we count gymnastics as only a small part in physical development. Physical development is valuable not in muscular feats, but in brain results.

"The value of this development in its effect on the central nervous system is one of the things impressed on the students. I have never known a student to commit suicide unless there was some organic physical disarrangement at the bottom of it.

"In connection with the professors of mental philosophy, the Yale gymnasium is now working to impress on the students who leave Yale the importance of all round development. Some of the greatest men of the country seem to be blind to that feature and rush on in a way that is certain to end disastrously.

"President Harper of Chicago University, for example, is devoting all his time to the mental side, with the result that sooner or later he is going to feel disastrous effects. If he had not been built along strong physical lines with a thick deep neck he could not have stood the pressure so long as he has."

MR. ROOT BROKE A RULE

When He Resigned as Secretary of War to Resume Private Law Practice.

When Elihu Root withdrew from the office of Secretary of War to resume the practice of the law and announced at the same time that he was a candidate for no political office he broke what has come to be in recent years almost a recognized rule. This rule is that the Secretary of War when he leaves his office goes to the Senate.

Redfield Proctor, appointed Secretary of War in the Harrison Cabinet in 1889, has been senior United States Senator from Vermont since November, 1892.

Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia, his successor in the office of Secretary of War, has been United States Senator from West Virginia since March, 1895.

Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War in the original McKinley Cabinet, has been a Senator from Michigan since September, 1902.

Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, last Secretary of War in the Grant Cabinet, became United States Senator from Pennsylvania at the close of his service in the War Department and remained Senator for twenty years until succeeded by Boies Penrose.

The father of Senator Don Cameron, Simon Cameron, held the same office under a preceding Administration and after his service in the War Department became a United States Senator.

TOLD BY PRESIDENT HADLEY.

One of the Stories That Have Won Fame for Yale University's Head.

President Hadley of Yale has won a wide reputation as a teller of good stories. His wonderful memory has stood him in good stead here.

"I have heard him tell stories for five years now," said a Yale man recently. "I have yet to hear him repeat."

A typical Hadley story, which he does not hold to be original with him, runs as follows:

A Methodist preacher was vigorously expounding the text, "There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"Aye," he said, "there shall be gnashing of teeth! Yes," he shouted, pounding the pulpit with his fist, "there shall surely be gnashing of teeth!"

"But I ain't got no teeth!" shrilly piped up an old woman who had been worked up to a full realization of her sins by the preacher.

"Then, madam," yelled the minister, turning in her direction, "they will be provided!"

WHERE OI STUDIED ELECTRICITY.

Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in Japan Worked in American Factory.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Away back in the early '80s," said a well known electrician of this city, "there came to me with a letter of introduction from the president of the company, a young Jap, and the note directed that he be given every opportunity to work in all the departments of the factory, so that he might be proficient in every branch. He was apt, willing, always wore a grin and remained at the place about two years."

The teller of the story found out during these two years that the boy had been working as a lineman before he appeared at the factory. His name was Oi. He went back to Japan, and only at Christmas time, by a present, was the electrical engineer reminded of him. Many years later the engineer was waited upon by three Japanese who wanted to know all about the very latest devices for telephones and telegraphs. They were electrical engineers and had been taught all they knew at the Imperial University in Tokio by a Prof. Oi, from whom they carried a letter of introduction to the engineer. They were Imperial Commissioners, and the engineer took them all over this country explaining things. The brightest of the three was called Wadachi and the others were Nakayama and Okonoto. They told their mentor that Oi was now Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in Japan, and this important position he now holds during war times."

EACH 33 YEARS IN CONGRESS.

This on March 4 Will Be Record of The Two Senators From Maine.

From the Washington Post.

When March 4 next comes around it will mark the completion of thirty-three years of service in Congress for each of the Maine Senators. Probably there is no exact parallel to such a record in the history of the Government.

Mr. Hale entered the House of Representatives March 4, 1869. Precisely two years later Mr. Frye also became a member of the House. Mr. Hale, however, was not a member of the Forty-sixth Congress in either branch, but Mr. Frye served continuously in the House till he was elected Senator.

Succeeding the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President during Lincoln's first term, Mr. Hale took his seat in the Senate March 4, 1881. Mr. Frye took his seat in the Senate March 18, 1881, succeeding the Hon. James G. Blaine, who entered President Garfield's Cabinet as Secretary of State. He thus became a Senator fourteen days later than Mr. Hale, but Mr. Frye served fourteen days longer in the House than did the senior Maine Senator.

Nevertheless, their aggregate service in the Senate and House is the same to a day—thirty-three years in all for each.

THE MAN FOR HANNA'S SEAT.

GEN. CHARLES DICK OHIO'S CHOICE FOR THE SENATE.

His Rise in Eleven Years From a County Auditorship—His Able Political Generalship—Fought Before Santiago—A Type of Old-Time Statesman.

AKRON, Ohio, Feb. 23.—From County Auditor to United States Senator in eleven years is a career of which to be proud, and the friends of Gen. Charles Dick in this city are pointing to his rapid rise in the political arena as a sample of progress along these lines seldom equalled since the old days when it was the proper thing for a man to graduate from the log cabin to public life at a bound.

Gen Dick looks like an old-time statesman. A wide forehead from which the hair is brushed back is reminiscent of the pictures of Clay and Webster, and Gen. Dick needs only the addition of an old-fashioned stock and a coat with wide peaked lapels to pose for such a picture

He looks a leader of men. In a crowd he would be picked out at once as different from his fellows, and while he is always quiet and unassuming, there is something about him which would cause a man to think twice before doing anything calculated to arouse his anger. His eyes, while they are not gray, cannot be called blue, and when he is talking his glance is penetrating and he is a brave man who can lie to Dick and meet that gaze without flinching.

The General's fondness for a broad-brimmed soft black hat, after the style of the campaign hat worn in the army, attracts attention wherever he may be. This hat and a black string tie are characteristic of him, but he neither affects the long cutaway or the frock coat for which so many men in public life are noted. His fondness for the soft hat he attributes to the fact that in his army experience he found it comfortable, and still finds it so.

Charlie Dick, as he is familiarly known in this city, where he has lived all his life, became identified with politics when he was little more than 38, and he has been constantly engaged in politics ever since. At that time he was elected Auditor of Summit county on the Republican ticket.

Born in Akron in 1858, he received what educational advantages the public schools afforded, and began life as a clerk in a hat store. For six years after that he was bookkeeper of the Akron Citizens' Savings and Loan Association, and then for two years he was in the office of a mowing machine company. When he left that company he formed a partnership with L. C. Miles in a feed and commission house business.

Meantime he had made a host of friends among the taxpayers of the county, and also a bitter enemy. Ohio C. Barber, president of the Diamond Match Company, is the man who dislikes Dick, and it is probable that his opinion will never be changed. The plant of the company was, in those days, in this city. As Auditor of the county Dick instituted a suit for $200,000 for back taxes against the company, and Mr. Barber has never forgiven him. Not only has he never forgiven Dick, but he soon afterward transferred the office of the company to Chicago, and removed the plant to Barberton, a town founded by him, and since grown into a small city.

As chairman of the Republican executive committee in Summit county Gen. Dick displayed marked ability as an organizer and campaign manager. These qualities, together with his remarkable capacity for hard work, his geniality and personal magnetism, made him also secretary of the State committee. In 1892 he was chosen by the Republican workers of the State to conduct the Ohio campaign, and although the party narrowly escaped defeat that fall, owing to peculiar conditions which confronted the country, so pleased was Gov. McKinley with the exceptional talent exhibited by the new chairman that he insisted upon his continuing at the head of the executive committee.

With Gen. Dick at the helm the Republican plurality of 81,000 in 1893, 137,000 in 1894 and the large pluralities every year since, until 1902, when Gov. Herrick was elected by more than 100,000 and Senator Hanna was reelected by the largest vote ever given to a United States Senator, gave ample evidence to the Republicans of Ohio that Gov. McKinley's confidence was not misplaced.

In 1892 Gen. Dick was chosen as one of the delegates to the Republican national convention at Minneapolis, and in 1896 he was again honored by being selected as delegate to the national convention which nominated McKinley for President. In the campaign of 1896 he had sole charge of the Western headquarters of the national committee, and in that capacity gained new laurels as a political fighter.

After the election of McKinley to the Presidency, he was made secretary of the Republican national committee, and served in that capacity until the campaign of 1900, when he withdrew at the request of President McKinley, who felt that his interests in Ohio could be best served with Gen. Dick at the head of the State executive committee, a place he had resigned when he was made secretary of the national organization.

From his earliest connection with the county committee the opposition newspapers have had frequent occasions to devote time and space to Gen. Dick; but while repeatedly referring to his "fine Italian hand" in matters of political generalship, even his most bitter opponents have never intimated that the "fine Italian hand" ever held a stiletto, or that it was ever raised to strike an enemy in the back.

While Auditor of Summit county Gen. Dick spent the time he could spare from his duties in reading law, and several years ago he was admitted to the bar, having passed the examination with a *magna cum laude* mark. In 1881 he married Miss Carrie M. Peterson, daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Peterson of this city. To them seven children have been born, two of whom are dead. The eldest, a boy, Carl, is 16 years old.

Gen. Dick's military career began in 1885, when he was elected Captain of Company B of the Eighth Ohio Regiment of the National Guard. He was chosen Major of the regiment in 1888, then was made Lieutenant-Colonel, then Colonel, and at present is Major-General of the National Guard of the State. With the Eighth Ohio, known as the "President's Own," from the fondness for the regiment evidenced by President McKinley, he went as Lieutenant-Colonel to Cuba at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. This was the only Ohio regiment which reached the firing line at the siege of Santiago.

He remained with the regiment until ordered north by Gen. Shafter with important despatches for Washington emphasizing the danger from disease which threatened the soldiers about Santiago and urging the necessity of a change of base. There was a compliment to Gen. Dick in the mission, for Gen. Shafter is said to have first chosen Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt as the right man to make the trip.

"Well," Roosevelt is said to have replied to Shafter, "I will go, but I know a man who can perform the task far better than I."

"Who is he?" asked the General.

"Lieut.-Col. Dick of the Eighth Ohio," said Roosevelt, and Col. Dick went the same day.

But before he reached Washington the famous "round robin" had brought post-haste the desired orders for transportation North. Col. Dick was also the bearer of other important documents, among them a map showing the position of troops about Santiago, sent by Gen. Shafter to President McKinley. The map was presented to Gen. Dick by the President. It is one of the most treasured of the General's possessions.

At Montauk Point Gen. Dick rejoined his regiment when it returned from Cuba, and devoted his time to making his men comfortable, assisted by Mrs. Dick, who remained with him while the regiment was at Montauk Point.

After the death of Congressman Northway of the Nineteenth district Gen. Dick was elected for a short and then for a long term in Congress. He has been renominated and returned at every succeeding election without opposition, and as chairman of the Militia Committee introduced and secured the passage of the bill which revised the country's military system.

Gen. Dick, like President Roosevelt, is a believer in the strenuous life. His children live out of doors whenever possible, and they are as happy and whole-souled a lot of youngsters as can be found.

BILLY TAFT AS A RUSHER.

Julian Curtiss Gives College Reminiscences of the Secretary of War.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 22.—Julian W. Curtiss of New York, Yale '79, the advisory coach of the rowing department, told the Yale students in a letter to the *Yale Daily News* to-day how his class tore things up around the Yale campus on Washington's Birthday during the annual cane rush. He alluded to the part played in this celebration by Bill Taft, as he was known at Yale in those days. He said:

"On account of the size of the class, and because we were a pretty husky lot, we had little difficulty in holding our own with '78 or '80. There were two men, however, in '78 that I still remember, and they were terrors. One was Bill Rowner and the other was Bill Taft, whom every Yale man on earth knows now by reputation, and who has just taken his seat in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Billy Taft was unquestionably the strongest man in college. He weighed about 225 pounds, and with all this weight was as active as a cat, and, although he was at the head of his class in studies, yet I think he loved a rush more than anything on earth.

"I never forgot a disastrous personal encounter I had with each of these gentlemen in a rush that took place previous to Washington's Birthday. It started in on Prospect street, and the fight went from there through to Whitney avenue, through the fields and swamps. When Whitney avenue was reached most of us had little on, but as it was a steaming, sweltering mass it made but little difference whether we were clothed or stripped; in fact, the less we had on the more comfortable we were. Early that evening, I remember, Billy Taft got hold of me, and we separated from the crowd to have it out. I had the under hold, but I might just as well have had no hold at all. With his weight and strength he simply overpowered me, and it was scarcely a moment before I was down. Never before or since have I felt such power."

THE CATHOLICS IN COREA.

Hardships and Persecutions Suffered by Early Missionaries to That Land.

From the Tablet (London).

Persecution and martyrdom may, indeed, be said to be almost the normal condition of the Church in Corea, where sanguinary edicts penalized the adoption of Christianity. The peninsula, surrounded by the sea on three sides, and on the fourth separated from the mainland by an uninhabited wilderness 10,000 square miles in extent, maintained its rigorous isolation down to a comparatively recent date. No communication was permitted with foreign ships except in Corean boats, and even shipwrecked crews were thrown into prison. Access from the land was cut off by frontier guards, whose task was rendered easy by the desolation of the country and the absence of roads through it. It was not until 1876 that a commercial treaty was signed even with Japan, and the opening of treaty ports to Europeans came later still.

Yet these difficulties did not daunt heroic missionaries, of whom the pioneer was a Chinese priest. This harbinger of the Gospel succeeded in the year 1795 in his daring attempt to pass the frontier in disguise, and on Easter Sunday celebrated mass for the first time in the pagan kingdom. He lived and taught for six years, but in 1801 suffered martyrdom with 300 of his disciples. His fate did not deter others from following in his footsteps, and many other missionaries shared his crown. The first Vicar Apostolic and two priests fell victims to a persecution in 1839 and with them 127 natives died for the faith. Catholicism for the time seemed stamped out in blood, and it was not until 1845 that the next Vicar Apostolic succeeded in making his way once more into the midst of the lost or scattered flock.

The courage and perseverance required to reach them may be measured by the fact that one of his priests spent ten years in a series of attempts to penetrate the barriers, in which he at last succeeded in 1852. Yet few and insufficient as were the missionaries under these circumstances their labors were crowned with an abundant harvest. In 1866 the Catholics numbered 25,000, among whom were several native candidates for the priesthood. The enthusiastic piety of many of the converts seemed to open the vista of a future full of promise, and it might have appeared as though the nascent Church had survived the most perilous stage of its existence. But its progress no doubt alarmed the jealous timorousness of paganism, and in the year 1866 the storm of persecution burst in full force on pastor and flock. On March 8 the Vicar Apostolic was beheaded with three companions, and before the end of the month five other priests had suffered martyrdom.

These executions were the prelude to a general massacre of native Christians, in which some 10,000 perished, including those who died of the hardships and sufferings endured in seeking to escape. For ten years Corea remained inaccessible to Catholic missionaries. Deprived of priests and teachers, the surviving remnant of the Christian population had but the memory of what they had once learned to keep alive the spark of faith in their hearts. But it was ready to revive under favoring circumstances, and these came with the return of the missionaries in May, 1876. "On their return," writes Bishop Mutel, Vicar Apostolic, summarizing the history of the mission in his report for the year 1900, "the Christians had been so persecuted and harried that at first the missionaries could find but a few thousands scattered here and there among the pagans. Only the most urgent work could be undertaken.

"At first no regular ministration, still less the keeping of registries, was to be thought of. Not till later on was it possible to reckon up our losses. The victims of the persecution may be estimated at 10,000, including both those who perished at the hands of the executioner and those who succumbed to misery and every kind of privation. Of the 15,000 survivors, two-thirds remained faithful and awaited but the return of the missionaries to approach the sacraments. The others fell into a state of tepidity and returned but by degrees." The number of apostates was very small, consisting either of neophytes imperfectly grounded in the faith, or of rich people concerned to save their temporal goods.

Of many of the martyrs who died in this wholesale persecution the names and story will never be known, but all will be honored comprehensively as Corean martyrs. The subsequent growth of the Church in Corea is due rather to adult baptisms than to natural increase, for though the birth rate is high it is counteracted by a correspondingly high figure of infant mortality. The Catholic population was estimated in 1900 at 42,441, but owing to inevitable omissions the Vicar Apostolic believes the real figure would have been nearer 45,000. The figure of 10,000 given in Reuter's telegram as the number of Catholics in Corea must, therefore, be a misprint, or must apply only to the capital.

BALTIMORE'S YOUNG MAYOR.

ROBERT M. McLANE'S GOOD WORK AT THE BIG FIRE.

The City's Escape From Disorder and Looting Attributed to His Executive Ability—Inspired Baltimore's Self-Reliance Also—His Good Record in Office.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 27.—Robert M. McLane, Baltimore's Mayor, proved himself to be the right man in the office when the flames swept the business portion of the city on Feb. 7 and 8. He is only 36 and the youngest Mayor ever elected by the voters of Baltimore.

Mayor McLane is the son of James L. McLane, president of the National Bank of Baltimore, and a nephew of the late Robert M. McLane, former Governor of Maryland and United States Ambassador to France. He is small in stature and slight of build, though well formed and as agile as a trained athlete.

He devotes part of each day to physical exercise, always keeping in trim. He takes delight in hunting, horseback riding, skating and outdoor games. He takes one or two hunting trips each year. His good physique showed to advantage during the trying time through which he has just passed.

First of all Mr. McLane impresses one with his sincerity and honesty of purpose. His hair is black and his face fairly good looking and boyish. He usually wears eyeglasses, his eyes having become slightly weakened from constant study. By profession he is a mercantile lawyer.

In his dressing Mr. McLane may be regarded as somewhat odd. He never wears black clothing nor will any one see him attired in a light colored suit. He always wears mixed colors and shows a preference for gray. His only weakness in the dress line seems to be for fancy colored hose.

He is averse to wearing jewelry. Two seal rings on his fingers, a gold wire ring about his tie and a gold watch and fob are the only articles of jewelry he ever displays.

He usually wears a frock coat extending to his knees, but sometimes changes it for one of the sack pattern. He is addicted to wearing a straight collar of medium height, four-in-hand ties and a flat-top derby hat, the latter having helped to make him known during his campaign. Mr. McLane is regarded as a sort of Beau Brummel.

The Mayor's judgment is of a superior kind. He never leaps so far in getting at a conclusion that he has to go back. Whenever he comes to a decision he is able to convince others that he is in the right. This is one of his strongest characteristics, first brought out when he was assistant prosecuting attorney for the State in Baltimore. He probes all matters systematically until he reaches the bottom and when he gets that far he does not remain long undecided.

Mayor McLane is not a practical politician, though he is democratic to the core. He is more of the diplomat. He is a strict party man so far as he can go with safety.

He is the Mayor of all the people in every sense of the term. Personal friends or members of his immediate family cannot obtain favors from him to the exclusion of others. During the fire his father and brother asked him for passes to enter the fire zone. They were told they would have to shift for themselves.

Mayor McLane is polite and courteous to all. Even cranks are listened to. He is slow to anger. Even while the fire was at its height and he was importuned by people who wanted to obtain special privileges, to offer their services, to make suggestions, to give advice, he never lost patience.

As an orator Mr. McLane holds no rank, but on the hustings he clearly demonstrated that he could impress his hearers. He never speaks from notes. His manner of addressing audiences during his campaign was unlike that of any other speaker and won praise, even from opponents.

Before election Mr. McLane made no promises except to the people. All efforts on the part of politicians to bind him were futile. Mr. McLane listened to their suggestions and considered their requests and demands. Then he told them that the responsibilities were not on the shoulders of the politicians, but upon those of Robert McLane.

He reappointed several men put in office by his predecessor because of their known fitness, one being a Republican. He gave each head of a department absolute control in the matter of appointing subordinates, merely instructing them to follow party lines wherever it could be done with absolute safety. Two of his colleagues on the Board of Estimate, the principal wheel of the city government, though they are Republicans, are among his most trusted advisers.

From the time the flames got away from Baltimore's firemen Mayor McLane conducted himself in a manner that has awakened admiration. His conclusions have been intelligently reached, his judgment has been good, his actions have been deliberate and his personal bravery has been many points above par. His great mental and physical endurance and his pluck at all times have won him applause.

The example set by him doubtless had much to do with preventing panic and disorder during and immediately after the fire. His subsequent stand that Baltimore will be able to take care of herself without the outside assistance kindly offered has resulted in his receiving hundreds of complimentary messages from different parts of the United States and Europe. His words to all who offered aid were:

"Baltimore will now enter undaunted into the task of resurrection. Greater and more beautiful will be the city that will arise from the sad looking ruins, and we shall make of this calamity a future blessing. We are staggered at the blow, but we are not discouraged, and every energy of the city as a municipality, and of its citizens as individuals, will be devoted to a rehabilitation that will not only prove the stuff that we are made of, but be a monument to the American spirit."

Three hours after the fire started Mayor McLane was asked by the fire department authorities if it would not be best to use dynamite to stay the progress of the flames. As a layman, he would not himself decide the question, but called into consultation engineers and experts in the use of dynamite and asked their views. Then he sent messengers to the stone quarries on the outskirts of the city and to other places asking their owners to get ready all the dynamite they had on hand to send to the scene of the fire at a moment's notice.

The experts and engineers gave it as their opinion that the only way to check the fire was to blow out an entire block or two. Few blocks were in the path of the flames that did not contain at least one bank or trust building, each of which contained one or more vaults holding many millions of dollars in cash and securities. McLane readily saw that to blow them up would mean the inflicting of losses probably irreparable. Depositors, many of whom are poor, would doubtless suffer more than the bankers.

McLane, therefore, refused to allow such dynamiting to be done. Dynamiting was done only in places where it was thought that the firemen could better get at the flames.

The first conference of the Mayor, engineers, experts, fire chiefs and members of the Board of Public Safety took place at the headquarters of the salvage corps on Liberty street. The Mayor put the municipal machinery in motion, telegraphed for the dynamite, attended to a half dozen other things and entered the burning district in a fire wagon in company with Chief Surgeon Edwin Geer. He was totally unmindul of his personal danger, and more than a score of times risked his life.

He did not become nervous or excited. On the contrary, he kept cool and buoyed up the spirits of those about him. He drove through Charles street, which was all aflame, to a small alley, through which he entered Hanover street. He went around again into Charles street and then south to Lombard. Walls fell in this district almost simultaneously with the reports of explosions of oil and other combustibles, and more than once swift driving was necessary to get the Mayor and his companions outside the danger line.

Mayor McLane was probably in the greatest danger when under an archway in an alley connecting Hanover street warehouses. Fire raged on both sides and above him. He was but ten feet from the flames, and there calmly considered with others the question of dynamiting a nearby structure.

Owners of buildings which it was decided to dynamite protested against such action. Mr. McLane did not brush them aside, but reasoned with them. The owners invariably acquiesced in his proposal, so convinced did they become that the decisions were prompted by sound judgment.

At 6 o'clock Mayor McLane sent a message to Gov. Warfield requesting him to assemble the militia at the armories in case they were needed to prevent disorder and keep the people back. At 9 o'clock at night the Mayor realized that the crowds were interfering with the work of the firemen and could not be controlled by the police. He hastened to the City Hall, climbed 142 steps to the dome and sounded the riot call—three threes—which summoned the militia. The Fourth and Fifth regiments responded promptly, and Mr. McLane returned to the fire ground as quickly as possible.

There was no sleep for the Mayor that night. He did not reach his Cathedral street home until about 5 o'clock the next morning. After two hours of rest he was again at work.

The great fire was not attended by disorder, looting or the work of firebugs, as was the case at the big Chicago blaze. Neither was there a single horror; not a fireman nor a citizen was killed, maimed or seriously injured. These facts may, in a measure, be attributed to the cool judgment of Mayor McLane and his advisers.

A LONG ISLAND POTTER.

Lost Ceramic Secrets Which Mr. Brouwer Thinks He Has Rediscovered.

There is a man at Westhampton, L. I., who thinks he has rediscovered many of the lost ceramic secrets of the potters and stainers of glass of ancient times. He holds with the latter that there is as much science in the cooking as in the staining of glass, and despises the half-hearted measure of placing stained glass between layers of plain glass in order to protect it from the effects of the weather.

But his specialty is colored pottery, and in making it he uses no chemicals. He secures his color effects entirely by fire manipulation.

This potter is Theophilus Anthony Brouwer, Jr., and he has planned and constructed a pottery in the shape of a miniature mediæval castle on a tract of fifteen acres of ground which he is proud to call his estate. The castle is built of a sort of gray clay concrete, and the walls are moulded into curious patterns in bas-relief.

There are glass exhibition cases in the front room, a potter's wheel and turning lathe in the next room, out of which opens the drying room, and in the back room are the ovens of Brouwer's own peculiar invention.

Brouwer says he is the only man who can glaze over gold filigree work, and shows pottery on which the gold patterns are perfectly covered with glass. He has three different finishes to his graceful pottery bowls, vases and pitchers—the mirror surface, the dead glaze and the rough glaze.

The first shows every variety of transmuting colors, like those in changeable silk. There are flamboyant reds, deep browns and bright yellows, and in a sunlit room the ware throws off iridescent rays like those from a multitude of prisms. Another peculiarity of the ware is that you can see your reflection as perfectly as in a mirror among the various colors.

The wares show every shade of color, from the delicate tints of mother-of-pearl to the warm, rich coloring of the autumn woods. When tapped they give forth a clear ring like the best porcelain.

Brouwer keeps all his own secrets and does all of the actual work himself, employing only a couple of men to keep his furnaces going and prepare his clay.

"I do all my own modelling," he said, "and sell my ware for from $80 to $160 apiece, generally, though I have sold things for as high as $400. The amount of money I make depends entirely on the amount of cooking I can endure, as my output is limited by that.

"I do everything with my thumbs. Did you ever know that you think with your thumbs? They have to do more work than any of your fingers. An imbecile drops his thumbs inside the palm of his hands. The doctors all regard that as one sure sign of imbecility.

"I can imitate many of the well known wares, and can reproduce peachbloom, for instance, so that you would not know it from the original. I can change any ordinary piece of yellow pottery into the iridescent colors you see about you, and I am the only man that can."

The colors in many of Brouwer's pieces have all the freshness and mutability of the eye on a peacock feather.

"But imitation does not pay," continued Brouwer, "and I prefer to do original work. I make my own models from plaster of paris casts which I turn on a lathe. My moulds are open at the bottom, and I fashion that part with my thumbs. I used to be a workman in all sorts of metals before I made these discoveries and settled down to this business."

Brouwer started in his present occupation about eleven years ago, and his first plant was at Easthampton. His pottery was situated on Middle Lane, and his ware used to be known by that name. It was marked with an arch made by the jawbones of a whale, two of which were propped up in front of his workshop. At present he marks each piece with his full name.

Brouwer's castle is the work chiefly of his own brain and hands. He drew the plans and laid the foundation himself, and is attending to such details as carving the oak newel posts into intricate leaf patterns.

There is a large brick open fireplace in the main hall, each brick of which Brouwer is turning to a different deep shade of bronze by a chemical process. He is painting the walls of the rooms with a preparation of water color which he is sure will be eminently successful.

The windows in the house are low and broad, like an ordinary window laid on its side, instead of being high and narrow, but they open up and down.

Brouwer is about 35, and has a wife and two children.

How the Ute Mollified the Grizzly.

From the Washington Post.

"The most interesting story I ever heard came from the lips of old 'Buckskin Charley,' chief of the Southern Utes," said Mr. J. P. Altberger of Philadelphia.

"As told by a white man the narrative is tame, indeed, lacking the dramatic action and eloquence of the red warrior. It was about a meeting with a big grizzly bear in the mountains of Colorado. Charley was out looking for deer. He was equipped with an old-fashioned, single-barrel, muzzle-loading rifle, which put him at a terrible disadvantage, when he was suddenly confronted by one of the biggest specimens of the grizzly tribe he ever saw.

"'I jumped behind big tree very quick,' he said, 'and Mr. Bear came close, rearing up on his hind legs. I was scared to shoot, only having one barrel. Then I commenced to talk. I said: "Mr. Bear, I am your friend. I come out after deer. I hope you go way and so I kill deer and leave big piece of meat for you." Then the bear seemed to get friendly, and he dropped on his legs to the ground, much as to say he'd like a piece of deer, and then he run off into the mountains.'"

YALE'S JAP COLONY STIRRED.

SOCIAL LINES FORGOTTEN BY STUDENTS FROM THE EAST.

They've Organized to Raise Money and Help the Home Land in Other Ways—Count Okudaira's Son a Leader—Men From Yale Who Are Helping in Japan.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 20.—Since the start of the war between Russia and Japan the most interesting set of men at Yale University have been the twenty-four Japanese students here. The excitement around their quarters has been intense for the last two weeks and only the urgent demands of the college have been sufficient to drive them from the bulletin boards.

Although Yale for the last ten years has had the largest attendance of Japanese students of any American university, they have never been banded together, as they represent different factions and social stations at home. A Japanese club was in existence, but its meetings were poorly attended.

At the outbreak of the war the students met and formed an organization which pledged itself to support the home country in the crisis. Then the young men began to solicit funds about the university to help the $5,000,000 promised from the American Japanese. Social differences are quite forgotten in the excitement, and rich and poor alike are pledging all the money they can raise. The most prominent Japanese that has come to Yale in many years is young Okudaira, son of Count Okudaira, who entered this fall to take up special studies in the graduate school. His family is of royal blood and he is a noble. He is here to pursue studies in mental philosophy under Prof. George T. Ladd. Most of the Japanese students who have come to Yale in the last ten years have studied under Prof. Ladd, who is regarded in Tokio as the greatest living psychologist.

Hatsuji Mayesawa, who is a junior in the Sheffield Scientific School, is one of the first Japanese to undertake to go through the undergraduate course at Yale. Nearly all the Japanese students confine themselves to work in the graduate school. Mayesawa, however, studied civil engineering in the Tokio Technology School and prepared to enter Sheff. He has been in Yale two years now and has become one of the most popular students in his class.

He is making a specialty of the study of earthquakes and is also taking special work in mining courses. His father died when he was young and he was sent to America by his uncle, who is a prominent business man in Tokio. Few of the Yale students from Japan have much opportunity to meet the undergraduates, as they generally room together off the campus. Mayesawa has always roomed on the campus and recently a score of the juniors gave a dinner for him, where he served for them some very famous and rare old Japanese wine sent to him by his family.

Rooming with him is his young cousin Onita, who has an unpronouncable and unspellable first name, and who is called "Itchy" by his classmates for short. He is studying at the Hopkins Grammar School for his third year, and will enter Yale next fall.

He is the only Japanese who ever came to this city who went in for athletics, but he is a member of his school baseball team and is marked as a candidate for the freshman team next year. His father is the most intimate friend of Count Katsura, Premier in the present government.

The only Japanese at Yale who had taken active part in military affairs at home was Sadawo Ota, who was studying economics here. He was a cavalry Captain, and as soon as the war was declared was summoned by the Japanese Consul in New York to be prepared to leave for home at any time. He left New Haven this week and is now awaiting orders to sail. He was the richest Japanese in Yale.

Two Buddhist priests, Sessan Amakuki and Kaiei Yamasaki, are studying the philosophy of religion under Prof. Ladd in connection with the graduate school. Yamasaki has been here two years and is now on his third year's work. He has some money, it is said, but is supporting himself by outside work.

Amakuki is spending his first year at Yale, and as yet is not so well known in the Japanese colony. He prepared for the priesthood in one of the Japanese Buddhist schools.

The Japanese who claims the distinction of having an American wife is Yasutoshi Minakuchi, who is a junior in the divinity school. Two years ago Mr. Minakuchi, while in Kentucky, met and married a daughter of the Blue Grass State, who is here with her husband now. He is in many ways the most Americanized of all the Japanese here.

The wrestler of the colony is Iahiro Hirano, who hails from Tokio and who is studying economics here. He graduated from Keiogijiku University in 1902, and came here to finish his course and incidentally to study wrestling. A classmate of his in the study of economics is Ko Kumashiro, who comes from Nagato, Hagi, and who is an alumnus of another Japanese university.

Among the students longest at the university is Jiroku Kawabe of Tokio, who has been here about seven years. He has taken an M. A. from Yale and is now working for his Ph. D. He is a sort of guardian for all the homesick ones. Closely associated with him in this work is Kumase Mikami, who has been here about a half dozen years.

Yale is well represented in the official life of the Empire at present. Mr. Hotayama, who is a leading lawyer and who is the most powerful ally of the political party of Count Okuma, is a Yale man and a graduate of the Yale Law School. He has been Speaker of the lower House in the Legislature there and he received from Yale at the bicentennial celebration the degree of LL. D. Marquis Ito is also a Yale man, having received a similar degree at the same time while stopping here on a trip around the world.

Admiral Uriu is well known here for he came here for his bride, having married a young Japanese girl who was one of the four sent here by the Empress to be educated. He studied at Annapolis.

The present Mayor of Yokohama is a Yale man, as is the ex-Minister of Finance. Mr. Sabata, who recently married in Tokio into the family of Murai, the wealthiest in the kingdom, and who himself took his wife's name, was among the Japanese educated in Yale within the last two or three years.